

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

BACK AGAIN WITH YOU, LITTLE BOOK

It has been three months since I last talked to you, little book, and, oh, so many, many things have happened to your old friend Margie Waverly.

I must have fainted when I fell down the steps as I came from the hospital. The last I remembered was the realization that I had broken my leg and then—oblivion.

When I awoke my leg was bandaged, but I learned it was not to be set until the next day. I was evidently under some sort of an opiate as nothing seemed to matter much.

The pretty white-clad nurse was fussing about me and I remembered answering "yes" drowsily to her query if I were comfortable.

I expect, little book, that you being inanimate do not have that delicious sensation which surcease from pain and sorrow sometimes gives. I, alas, was brought back to the world of agony the next morning when they went to take an X-ray picture of the fracture.

It is a strange thing that no one can realize physical pain but the person who is suffering it.

Even if you have suffered the severe pain before, you cannot realize it when some one else is writhing in the same agonies later.

Which makes me think of the sentimental remark of a man friend of mine.

We have had many discussions on the subject of the physical war against the spiritual.

He has always insisted that no matter how much we try to deceive ourselves "the physical is king."

"At the last it will batter down all the mental and spiritual forces brought to bear against it," he said. "Life to a materialist like I am resolves itself into 'we are born we live and we die.'"

I could not let that go unchallenged, little book, because to me life

would be nothing if I could not fight and overcome the primitive instincts to be always merely physical.

"Well," he said, "you idealistic lady, which would you rather have a perfect love accompanied by a raging toothache or a loveless life without pain?"

I, never having had the toothache, said immediately that I could not live without love. But today, with that awful agony which showed me exactly just what the Christian martyrs on the rack suffered, I know that no love in all this world would by any possibility compensate or even alleviate bodily pain.

Before I became bedridden I went to a play in which one of the characters said: "Husbands don't want their wives to respect them, they can even get along without their wives' loving them passionately if they are only made comfortable."

I am revelling, little book, in being able to once more put my inside thoughts "up to you" and I tell you I shall perhaps bore you to death with them, for you see I have had three months of nothing else to do but bear pain as patiently as I can and think.

I have almost come to the conclusion that too much thinking is not good for one. You remember what David Harum said in that novel of long ago: "A few fleas are good for a dog. They keep him from thinking of his other troubles."

The first thought that comes to me, however, is that if I apply that law of compensation to myself that I have always insisted was inevitable I have been a pretty bad citizen.

Just consider, little book, what has come to me since I married Dick. I have had to part with my illusions, my ideals, my love, my loved ones, my health and now am chained down to this bed for months to come.

And yet looking back over my